

WITH THANKSGIVING AND JOY



For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless
The Hand that feeds us;
And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Lord that leads us.
—Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

THE ROYAL GORGE

Mrs. Twitter's Little Dissertation
on Mother's Joy in Preparing
the Great Dinner.

She Didn't Seem to Take a Very En-
thusiastic View of the Matter, But
There Was a Reason for
Her Well-Expressed
"Grouch."

YEE, ma'am," said Mrs. Bump-
weather, "the mince pie is
loaded, and the deadly conflict
between peace and comfort on
one side and pain and pepin
on the other is about to be performed.
The coming Thursday will witness our
great epicurean festival, which might
be technically termed the Royal
Gorge."

"I'm not 'specially keen to listening
to any sentimental ravings about the
day," said Mrs. Twitter, with her usual
suspicious and refrigerated tone of
voice.
"It's put in the calendar to pester us,
that's all. Autumn brings us every
kind of a misery it can pick up and lug
home, after which we are cordially
invited to gather together and be thank-
ful. Thanksgiving day, like matrimony,
is a good joke. You pawn the family
jewels to send the kid-child to an ex-
pensive school. Blow one. You cavern
into the recesses of a dark clothes
closet and disinter your furs. They
are somewhat denser than they were
ever dead before. In fact, they are not
fur at all, ha, ha! They are merely skin
what has been skinned. Swat two. The
first cold day blows in and the radiator
of the motor car freezes up, sneezes
once, and calmly expires. Slam three.
Grand opera stars collect, but father
can't. So you don't go to the opera.
Grief four. But I don't care. I never
yet was able to harness up an opera
ticket, an opera gown, and a lala ding-
bat for my hair all on the same date.
If I had two of the three, I never had
the third."

"Sweet one," purred Mrs. Bump-
weather, softly, "tell me your wonder-
ful secret. How do you keep so bland-
ly cheerful? What frightful and bitter
experience in life has taught you to
be gay? How I envy you your beauti-
ful optimism. Hiss, once! If you don't
throttle that wine habit, or get a dog-
house for it, or give it an inhalation of
chloroform, I shall be vexed with you
—quite vexed, my dear."

"You smile on me and lead me on,
and then you turn on me and frown,"
protested Mrs. Twitter. "Load up your
old mince pie! Struggle onward to
your Royal Gorge! I don't care what
happens to you. Since I spend all my



"For Weeks She Made Mince Pie."

time galloping from the front door to
the back, answering the bells, my
idea of Thanksgiving is a chance to
sit down and blow on my poor, tired,
hot, weary feet."
"We are certainly drifting far away
from the sweet and gentle spirit of
holidays," said Mrs. Bumpweather.
"The good old days are dead."
"And why are they good?" asked
Mrs. Twitter. "They are good because
they are old and because they are
dead. Can't you hear our great-grand-
mothers scoffing about new ideas and
all that? Don't you suppose they were
roaring about the dear old times that
had passed? Up to date though you
are, my lamb, with your silk skirt and
rubber buttons, in your tango shoes
and your chin strap on your little

bonnet, and your own interpretation
of the Castle walk—even you, my love,
will some time belong to the good old
times."

"Even thus," agreed Mrs. Bump-
weather, "even so. 'The truth, I vow,
But I shall belong to my own old
times; I shall not be classed with my
grandmother's old time. I shall keep
alive with the elixir of the present
moment. Do you know, I think our
Thanksgiving days are really much
nicer than those old ones. I can't see
anything particularly roaring jolly
about exploring to church through
three feet of snow and meeting a flap-
hatted gent carrying a wild turkey.
All the Thanksgiving pictures are like
that."

"But," continued Mrs. Twitter, "do
they ever tell about dear mother and
what sort of a time she had? For
weeks she made mince, meat and
stewed pumpkins, and during the sum-
mer she sweltered over the fire to
make the jelly. Imagine the thankfulness
in her heart when she saw whole
days of hard work gobbled up at one



"Cold Cloths on Her Brow."

meal. How charming to have all the
little folk around the house? Yes, ma'am!
But what about sweeping up the mud
tracks afterwards and plucking rain
seeds off the best hair cloth furniture,
and washing up the tons of dishes?
Mother did not sit before the fireplace
and tell stories. She was putting little
cotton blankets on her burnt thumbs,
for basting a turkey is perilous busi-
ness, let me tell you. How jolly it was
to crack nuts, too. But where was
mother? Oh, she was busy some-
where. Yes, we recollect now. She
was putting a cold cloth on her throbbing
brow; she had to pull herself to-
gether so as to have strength enough
to serve a bit of supper afterward."

"They didn't have the movies then
to furnish them with recreation," said
Mrs. Bumpweather, "or theaters or
tango dances. Visiting and eating
were about the best they could do, and,
after all, that's more fun than anything
else. Give me time to get up a good,
old-fashioned dinner and I can have
the biggest spread of my sweet, mid-
dle-aged life. Compare such a meal
to anything you can get downtown, or
at any country club! My child,
there's nothing equal to it, and it is
really a lark to cook it."

"Hithers!" remarked Mrs. Twitter.
Mrs. Bumpweather said nothing, as
if she meant it.

"Hithers!" exclaimed Mrs. Twitter
again.

Mrs. Bumpweather slipped her hand
through Mrs. Twitter's arm.

"You're tired, little one," said she.

"When the enthusiasm gets out of
your system, it's a sure sign that some
other less pleasant microbe has crept
in. You can't afford to let yourself
slip away like that. You've got to keep
holding on, and feeling keen about hu-
man events, and being interested, even
if you're mending a pair of your old
man's trousers or picking the roast
beef bones for hash. You'll come and
eat your Thanksgiving dinner with me,
won't you, honey?"

Mrs. Twitter wriggled about in a
naïve, shy twist, supposedly to signify
inexpressible joy.

"What for did I do all that growly
talk?" asked she. "Little Tommy Tuck-
er sang for his supper, but I'd rather
growl for mine."

And she said it without the slightest
show of shame.

Surely a Favored Nation

Favored by Providence, the

pressing their heartfelt thank-

good that has come to them,

that have been averted and a

future that opens before

lites. Good re-

from

from

from

from

THE ANNUAL DOWNFALL

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

It was an earnest hyponist who vowed a solemn vow:
"I will not write a turkey-hash-and-soup joke, anyhow!
I will not do that fearsome thing, I will not pen a jest
About the bird whose remnants rise to mock the staying guest."

He made a postscript to his vow, he made a codicil,
He was as serious as though he framed his final will.
And then he sat him down and smiled, and thought with all his might
About the post-Thanksgiving jokes he did not have to write.

But in a day or so he felt exceeding queer and strange.
A restless something held his mind, he hankered for a change.
He asked his doctor what was wrong; the doctor gave a pill
And made a memorandum to add twenty to his bill.

Then all the jokes that grace this time came flocking to his brain,
Each ancient quip and jingling rhyme marched sternly in the train,
And each of them and all of them compelled him then to think—
Just as a man thinks when he says he shuts off smoke or drink.

At last he said: "Well, just one more—a farewell jest I'll write,
It shall be nothing serious, some fancy thin and light."
He wrote the jest, just as a man who says he has sworn off
Takes rock-and-rye or some such thing to soothe a little cough.

But why pursue this sorry tale? Why tell of what he did?
'Twas like the "one more" drink or smoke that throws away the lid.
He wrote of turkey hash, and soup, of turkey meat croquettes,
He wrote of bones that had been grilled, of warmed-up entremets.

He wrote of turkey pie and stew, of turkey consommé,
He wrote a turkey-joke debauch until the break of day.
And when they came and found him ill, and sought to nurse him through
They said: "Here, taste this turkey broth. It will be good for you!"

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DAY OF FESTIVITY

Spirit of Thanksgiving Manifested
in Enjoyment as Well as
in Devotions.

Therefore the Turkey in the Center
of Well-Spread Board Is a Sym-
bol of Praise to the Giver of
All That Is Good and
Perfect.

FROM the early days when the
Saxon kings fettered their
steeds "hard by the banquet
board," so that the foam of
the chargers flecked the beard
of the eater, to the present time,
the spirit of the amply loaded board is
the spirit of festivity and of good
will. Thanksgiving day would be
robbed of the particular flavor it pos-
sesses if it were a day of severe ob-
servation. The spirit of Thanksgiv-
ing without the sanctifying grace of
the spread board would be a spirit of
cheerlessness. The Thanksgiving tur-
key is as much a part of the day as
are the devotions that the day calls
forth. The devotions would be dry
and saps if the day were made a
virtual penance, as would be the case
without the turkey regnant upon the
platter, while the family gathers about
the board to give thanks for home
blessings as a part of the liberal por-
tion that Providence has dispensed
to the nation. The Thanksgiving tur-
key is the emblem of the nation's de-
votion.

The assembling of the congrega-
tions in the churches is but a part
of the devotion of the day. It is, in
fact, the symbolic part. It is ex-
pressive of the spirit of the people
in praise to the Deity for the general
blessings to the nation. The actual
spirit of thanksgiving is that which
takes account of the union of the
family in the act of praise as it par-
takes of the provisions of the day.
Charles Lamb says that one should
not only say grace at meat, but a
hundred times a day for the good of
living. The grace said at the Thank-
sgiving board—and even those unused
to such invocation should observe it
upon that occasion—is a grace for
the blessings of life which the

Thanksgiving dinner then sets forth.

Back of all nationality lies the fam-
ily. This is the foundation stone in
the social system. The city, the state,
the nation are outgrowths of the
family. The people expressing their
thanks to Almighty God for the bless-
ings conferred upon the community
in its several organizations is not as
sacred a symbol as the family at
meat in recognition of the goodness
of God to its members. The purity
and sweetness of the family tie, the
power and influence of the family
teaching, the consecration and devo-
tion of the heads of the family cir-
cle—these are the things that fill the
measure of Thanksgiving as the
myriad household groups gather about
the well-laden boards to return
thanks for the good things of God to
them. From the youngest to the eld-
est in these groups the real spirit of
thanksgiving is set forth, even though
many of them do not dwell upon the
spirit of praise in fact. For, after all,
true thanksgiving is to be in the
spirit of praise and not simply to ex-
press forms of devotion. These latter
are essential as the symbolizing forth
of the gratitude of the nation, but
the simple loving and the goodness of
the family group is the basis of the
real thanksgiving spirit.

The churches will be well attended,
and the discourse, the worship and
the singing will all direct the mind
toward the mighty advance of the
nation that was formed from the scat-
tered colonies of the Atlantic sea-
board and will point to the beginnings
of Thanksgiving day upon the bleak
coasts of New England. All this is
well. God, who made and has kept
the American people a nation, has
done more by that act to attest the
spirit of his fatherhood than by any
other act in the history of nations or
of peoples. All should unite in wor-
ship in the churches and return home
to enter into the praise of the family
circle.

In the family circle will be found
the turkey in the setting of the ac-
cessories of one of the biggest din-
ners of the year. It is to be hoped
that all may have a Thanksgiving
dinner, so that all may enter into
the praise for the goodness of the
giver of every good and perfect gift.
Without the turkey, the accepted sym-
bol of American rejoicing at Thank-
sgiving time, the day would be incom-
plete, with it the spirit and essence
of the occasion is present.

give thanks unto the Lord, for He
is good: for His mercy endureth
forever.



He watereth the hills from his chambers:
the earth is satisfied with the fruit
of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the
cattle, and herb for the service of
man: that he may bring forth food
out of the earth.

Much in a Name.
Naming the farm is fun. Farming
the name is business. Put it on the
barn, and on the mail box, and on the
letters that go into the mail box;
—it on the crates and barrels you
will increase your

spraying the inside of the houses
with a solution of creolin. Use ac-
cording to the directions that come
with it. There are also some prepa-
rations on the market which are used
to paint the roosts and nest boxes to
kill mites. They seem to do the
work pretty effectively.

Milk Rich in Butter Fat.
A thoroughly nourished cow, with a
big appetite and a great digestive ca-
pacity, will give milk richer in butter
fat than a half-starved cow.

THE REAL LESSON OF THE DAY



It is meet that today we should turn aside from our ordinary vocations
and from the pursuit of earthly things to give thanks to the Giver of all
good.

TALES OF ACTORS

Prominent Men and Women of
the Stage Reminiscent Over
Thanksgivings.

Not Usually a Day of Great Rejoicing
for Them, But They Tell of Past
Experiences Which Have
Lingered in the
Memory.

TO THE actor Thanksgiving day
usually means only a day
of harder work than usual—a day
when there are special matine-
es and when luncheon and
dinner are hurried through so as to be
at the theater in time to make up and
play the part that the public, paying
for special amusement on this day,
demands.

Of course, a picturesque Thanksgiv-
ing story dealing with theatrical peo-
ple would tell of driving snowstorms,
long cold walking of railroad ties, per-
formances that were not prefaced by
dinners, and with the hope of unearthing
some such sad tales the interview-
er hunted out a group of players and
asked them for "experiences."

Thanksgiving Tragedy.
First, there was Miss Grace Huff,
who was requested to tell her Thanksgiv-
ing memories, grave or gay.

The charming leading lady laughed.
"Well," she said, "my funniest mem-
ory was a tragedy at the time, for the
first turkey I ever cooked was on a
Thanksgiving day. I did not know that
there was to be company, but my moth-
er had invited some friends to din-
ner, and you may imagine my hor-
ror when I realized that some one out-
side of the family was coming to test
my first attempt at cooking the nation-
al bird. I have had stage fright many
times in my life, but I never, never
had the stage fright equal to that I ex-
perienced when that turkey was
brought to the table—and I didn't
know how it was going to be."

"Another Thanksgiving that stands
out vividly in my memory was one that
I spent in a little town out West. On
the veranda where I was sitting was
a poor cripple boy playing with a ball.
I was watching him and reflecting
that while I wasn't in the happiest
surroundings, I had a lot for which to
be thankful, because I didn't happen to
be deformed, like the poor boy."

"I felt very sorry for that boy and
very kindly toward him, so that when
his ball rolled away and down a hill I
started after it for him. Just imagine
my surprise when, suddenly, he threw
away his crutch and swore violently at
me, telling me in no uncertain terms
to 'keep away from his ball.' That
knocked a great deal of the Thanksgiv-
ing spirit out of me. I can assure
you, for it was such a shock to find
that the poor little cripple for whom I
felt so very, very sorry was only a
fake."

Tale of Too Much Turkey.
Miss Huff's narrative stopped amid
a ripple of laughter, and some one
suggested that "Lowell" tell about his
Thanksgiving. Mr. Sherman, the
handsome leading man, looked gloom-
ily into space and, of course, it was
expected that he had some beautifully
romantic experiences to relate—some-
thing that would thrill the matinee
girls.

But alas and alack for ideals!
"I remember one Thanksgiving," he
announced after a bit, "that stands out
in my memory as the saddest I have
ever spent. I had been ill for two
weeks before—under the doctor's care
and had him at my side all the time
at home and in the theater. I hadn't
eaten a mouthful of solid food for two
weeks, when suddenly the day of
Thanksgiving I felt myself again."

"Naturally I wanted to celebrate my
recovery, so I planned a Thanksgiving
dinner that was really a dinner—every-
thing from soup to nuts! How I did en-
joy that dinner!"

"But it proved my undoing, for in
half an hour I was again under the
doctor's care, and while he diagnosed
my illness as a 'plain case of overeat-
ing,' I wasn't able to get out of bed
again for over a week."

After telling of this time when he
smashed the ideal of the matinee girl,
who never, never will believe that her
hero could overeat, Mr. Sherman con-
tinued:

to eat in a hurry. Last Thanksgiving
I ate my dinner alone in Rector's, New
York, and I was so lonely that I had
one of their table telephones brought
to me and I called up nearly everyone
I knew and talked to them—just to
hear the sound of a friendly voice."

When the West Was Woolly.
Miss Georgie Woodthorpe went back
to her childhood days for her reminis-
cence, to the time when the West was
really wild and woolly.

"I was very young," she explained,
"and was playing what we called juve-
niles then, but which are now known
as ingenue roles. I remember I was
on the boat that went up the Snake
river to Dallas, Wash., and on that
boat was the governor of Oregon, who
was going up to see the great Indian
chief, Homelli, about some treaty or
other, the details of which I forget, ex-
cepting that it concerned two other
chiefs that were being held prisoners
for their friendship to the whites."

"This Thanksgiving day always
stands out in my memory and I shall
never forget the interest I felt in
seeing this big Indian invited into the
cabin where we had our Thanksgiving
dinner, and sitting down to the table
with his blankets wrapped around him.
I scarcely ate any dinner, but just sat
and watched Chief Homelli enjoy the
turkey and wines that were served."

"It was on this trip that I heard the
first phonograph—and that was long
before the day of Edison. I remember
my amazement at hearing a voice
come from this little box—a box
scarcely any larger than my make-up
box here. At first we thought there
was a ventriloquist in the room, but
after a while we were convinced that
we were listening to a real talking ma-
chine. I don't know who invented this
—all I remember about it is that it con-
tained a little cylinder that turned as
the voice proceeded."

"And that," concluded Miss Wood-
thorpe, "is one of the most interesting
Thanksgiving experiences I have ever
had—my first view of a talking ma-
chine, and a dinner with an Indian
chief."

POOR OUTLOOK



"Why, what's the matter, son?"
"Boo hoo! You'd cry, too, if it was
Thanksgiving an' your folks was vege-
tarians."

Thanksgiving Poem.

Thanks be to God for His wonderful love!
Praise ye His name for the gifts from
above!
Anthems of gladness peal forth on the
breeze.
Echo His greatness o'er land and o'er
sea!
Praise Him, ye sons of the blessed and
good!
Praise Him, ye mountains, and valleys,
and flood!
Praise Him, ye daughters and children
of men!
Praise Him from hilltop and forest and
glen!

Thanks for the gift of His only dear Son!
Thanks for His goodness life's journey
to run!
Thanks for the summers and winters be-
tween!
Thanks for the autumn and spring ever
green!
Thanks for the air, and for winds, and
for sky!
Thanks for the sun, and for the stars up-
on high!
Thanks for the moon and for day and for
night!
Thank Him for dew, and for rain, and
for light!

Praise His great name! let the nations
adore!
Redeemer and Savior, God evermore!
Enthroned with the angels, blessed above!
Praise Him, O earth, for His wonderful
love!

Praise Him, ye smallest and greatest of
all!
Praise Him, ye kindred that rise from
the fall!
Praise Him, ye children of weakness and
death!
Praise Him, O praise Him, all ye that
have breath!

—George D. Emerson.

THE WHEAT LANDS OF
WESTERN CANADA
AN ATTRACTION

THE EUROPEAN WAR MAKES
THE GROWING OF WHEAT EX-
CEPTIONALLY REMU-
NERATIVE.

One result of the European War has
been to reduce the volume of busi-
ness done by many of the manufac-
turing institutions of the United
States, commercial enterprises have
been affected, business of many kinds
have been hampered, and a financial
stringency has been forced on almost
every community. It is not only be-
cause it has brought these things
about, and created a lot of hardship,
but there is the outstanding fact of
the terrible loss of life, the great de-
struction of property, and the destruc-
tion of everything near and dear to
those whose countries are involved in
the war that makes the whole affair
highly regrettable. The heart of the
entire world goes out in sympathy to
those within the area of the trouble.
Arrangements have been made to re-
lieve the distress by money and other
means. But there is one great thing
—wheat and flour—that the European
countries will need. The wheat-pro-
ducing countries are no longer pro-
ducing, and there is the gravest rea-
son to fear that they will not be for
some years. In this case, it would be
fully as beneficial and charitable to
make provision to meet the loss of
Europe's grain crop by encouraging a
greatly increased growth on this con-
tinent.

The wheat-growing sections of the
United States have about reached their
limit of production, and this
source cannot be depended upon to
meet a great deal of the demand that
there will be for some years. The
only country that is in a position to
meet it is Canada—that portion
known as Western Canada. Here
there are millions of acres of land,
capable of producing from 20 to 40
bushels per acre. All this land is ex-
cellent for wheat, and very much is
still in the hands of the Dominion
Government, and 160 acres of it can
be had by the payment of a ten dollar
entry fee.

Another vast area is that held by
railway and reliable land companies,
held at from \$10 to \$25 per acre. Im-
proved farms are slightly higher in
price. Information regarding these
lands may be had of any Canadian
Government Agent.

The fact that Canada offers such a
splendid opportunity should be ac-
cepted with a wide-spread apprecia-
tion, and not met with attempts on
the part of some to spread misleading
statements. The Dominion Govern-
ment has not taken steps to deny
many of the false statements cir-
culated by those who evidently are more
interested in injuring Canada than
benefiting those who would be ben-
efited by taking up farms in Canada,
but in order to correct a highly er-
roneous impression that conscription
is carried on in Canada, that compul-
sory military service is employed, and
that there is restraint as to the move-
ment of those not Canadians, the ne-
cessity is felt of giving as much pub-
licity as possible to a denial of these
statements.

An item to which special exception
is taken is one which says:

"They are sending them away as
rapidly as possible; but the young
men are not permitted to leave Can-
ada. All the citizens and those who
have taken up homesteads are subject
to military duty."

In direct refutation of this, we beg
to quote from a recent editorial in the
Rochester, N. Y., Herald:

"There is no legal process by which
Great Britain can command a single
Canadian soldier to enter the field in
her aid or even in her most needful
defense. Great Britain cannot legally
take a dollar of Canada's money for
this or any other war purpose with-
out the consent. All must be given vol-
untarily. If it is to be given at all. Yet
men and dollars are given to the limit
of Canada's power to give, just as if
Great Britain had both physical and
legal power to exact them. Indeed,
it is possible that they are given
more freely in this way, for what a
man gives because he wants to give
is likely to be greater than what he
gives under force."

"All in all it is a noble picture of
devotion to her motherland which
Canada offers to the gaze of her ad-
miring and unenvied neighbors."

Canada's invitation for immigration
extends to all who are willing to go
on to the farms.

Superintendent of Immigration,
Ottawa, Canada.

Advertisements.

Verse and Worse.

Two at least of the British morn-
ing papers, in reporting one of Mr.
Asquith's recruiting speeches, treated
the well-known quotation, "One
crowded hour of glorious life," as if
it were the speaker's own. The most
delightful thing of the kind that was
ever done stands to the credit of a
Birmingham reporter, who "took
down" a peroration somewhat as fol-
lows: "The gallant major concluded
his speech by remarking that in his
opinion kind hearts were superior to
coronets and simple faith infinitely to
be preferred to Noman blood."

Too Much for Him.

It was dark, and as he stumbled on
his way he called out, "Are you there,
Fritz?" A French soldier with a knowl-
edge of German shouted back, "Here."
—Daily Mail.

At the critical moment his knowl-
edge of German seems to have failed
him.—Punch.

Smile on wash day. That's when you use
Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than
snow. All grocers. Adv.

People go to extremes in trying to
make both ends meet.

HOXSE'S CROUP REMEDY. THE SUREST,
safest and sweetest croup cure. Adv.

A man who doesn't exaggerate a
little is seldom an interesting talker.